They Had Everything

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They Had Everything

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Having settled in Costa Rica, Hannibal pines for Will but is unable to express his sentiments for him until he does, one morning, before Will is on his way to go fishing again, unimpressed by the imposed rules. He doesn't want to be alone and stuck at home, being unable to work and hunt. In a way, the influence of the corona virus sets things into motion. In the end, Hannibal gets everything he has ever dreamed of.

Notes

Inspired by the song:

Delain - We had everything

And by the ongoing self-isolation due to corona virus. Many greetings to all fannibals in isolation or quarantine!

See the end of the work for more notes

"*Hoy, el gobierno ha decidido que la toque de queda estará en vigencia hasta Marzo 20. Por favor, quedase en casa cuando quiera será posible y obedece las siguientes reglas de higiene….*"

Hannibal narrowed his eyes and pursed his lips in disapproval when watching the news video broadcast on his tablet while lounging on the wooden chair on the porch with the perfect view on the turquoise sea and the small waves crashing against the shore. It was a wonderful day, the climate being that of Costa Rica - humid and hot. He wore a beige cotton linen suit, a matching hat and sunglasses.

Seagulls were circling in the sky and from afar the wind carried the sound of Latin music and laughter to them.The news video ended and Hannibal scrolled through some more news to get a picture of the ominous threat. Two months of strict social isolation. Well, it's not as if Will and he were already quite secluded. There were barely any people here except for one or two houses in their neighbourhood.The art museum he was working for, sporadically, was situated in the city, a good half an hour ride away.The museum would be closed for sure anyway and there wouldn't be much to do.

What bothered him most was he'd have to spend at least two months without a hunt of rude people. As much as he enjoyed the new domesticity with Will, the itch to murder was still there. The urge to consume Will in some ways as well. They hadn't consummated their relationship yet in a physical way. He hadn't asked for it, hadn't dared to. Hannibal remembered the smell of coppery blood, the salt of the sea mingled with Will's own scent when they stood there at the cliff before Will pulled them over.

He remembered how Will uttered his admittance in a breathy whisper.

He remembered the feeling of Will's head resting on his chest and his arms around his waist.

Now they were here together after the sea had spit them out and given them a rebirth. Dancing around each other like two distrustful, hurt predators.Hannibal knew that one mistake was enough and Will would go back to the US. If he could They'd probably put him in quarantine and then in prison. Or shoot him on the spot.He knew Jack very well.The latter wouldn't take any risk.

Placing the tablet aside, he took a sip from the Chardonnay. He was waiting for Will to come back before starting dinner. Will had gone out to catch and sell some fish to the locals. He always went out without telling him in advance. Hannibal had never asked to stay with him and spend a day together. Sometimes they took some strolls together but most of the time Will needed his space. Hannibal understood that.

Will would probably go fishing every day anyway and maintain his routine.Good for him. But Hannibal couldn't go to work or hunt. Even playing the piano or writing lost its charm when it is done too often. The mind and body needed a greater challenge.

He also hoped Will didn't catch the virus on the market where he sold his fish. That would make them vulnerable and things worse if they had to head into the hospital when things

looked dire.

Hannibal lingered on the porch, lost in his mind palace until he was torn from his thoughts by the loud noise of the boat motor of Will's boat arriving at the shore. His heartbeat increased as he noticed Will approaching the porch of their beach house with his two coolers in his hands. His face and neck were sunburnt. He smelt of fish, the sea, motor oil and sweat when he arrived at the porch.

"Welcome back", Hannibal greeted him with a smile and put down his hat and sunglasses. "It seemed you were successful.."

"It took me all day to make the fish bite", Will remarked, brushing past Hannibal. "I haven't caught as much as I did the days before. "

"But you succeeded in making some of them bite", Hannibal countered smoothly, hurling a glance at his backside as Will entered the house.

"You're a good fisherman, Will."

Will walked into the kitchen, fetched the fish out of the two coolers and placed them on the kitchen counter. Hannibal followed him.

"Fish or pork tonight?" Hannibal asked, his gaze piercing Will like spears.

"I think you already know the answer ", Will answered with a faint smile.

Hannibal smiled although he didn't feel that way. He wanted to eat a piece of long pig, but Will craved fish today just like most of the other nights. So he would serve fish tonight. Will wasn't ready yet, Hannibal mused to himself. But he could wait. He had waited for so long in prison.

Looking into the other fridge next to the other one, just to check his supplies, his smile faded. There was not much human meat left. It was not enough to sustain his cravings over the next weeks. His mood darkened even further. He should have hunted more often despite Will's warnings.

Hannibal and Will's hands touched for a tiny moment when Hannibal reached for the handle of the drawer to fetch the knife for gutting at the same time. He pulled back as if he had been stung by a wasp. He lost control over his demeanor just a little and turned his face away and let Will do it.

Will only eyed him sideways with a worried look, said nothing to that and proceeded with the preparation of the fish.

They worked together in silence.

When the fish were gutted and marinated, Will made his way out of the kitchen. "I'll leave you to your element", he said. "I'm going to get a shower. I stink."

Hannibal wanted to say he loved the way Will smelled and didn't care about him reeking of sweat and nature but Will had already made his way to the bathroom. In fact the scent of sweat on Will made his pants tighter around his crotch.

Will returned from the shower and returned to the kitchen. He was all groomed. His curls were combed back and flattened, his outgrown beard trimmed a little. He wore his tailored black slacks and a pastel blue shirt with his initials on it.

"Have a seat, Will", Hannibal remarked, taking in the breathtaking sight of Will's appearance. "I'll bring in the plates. You don't need to help me."

Will nodded and went outside to sit down. His eyes were fixed at the calm sea.

The table looked classier now. A white table cloth was placed upon it. Some candles had been set up as well as some flowers for decoration. Wine glasses were already filled and cutlery placed on each side.

Crickets chirped and some exotic birds were singing. Hannibal had set up some extra romantic vibes for their dinner, hoping Will would finally notice it.
Will noticed it but didn't say anything to Hannibal who came back and put the plate in front of Will.

"So, the government told us to stay inside for the next two weeks because of the coronavirus ", Hannibal informed him, while piercing his fork through the flesh of the fish on his plate. "That changes a lot for us. We have to stock up our supplies and be careful."

Will took a mouthful of the fish and the sautéed vegetables and roasted potatoes as well.He appeared rather unimpressed when Hannibal told him the news.

Hannibal watched how the food made its way down his throat. He always loved to watch how Will ate his dinner and swallowed in such an enticing and seducing way.

"They can't stop me from fishing", Will answered in a rather indifferent tone. "I'm not worried about the virus. I can live without going to the market."

He scrutinised Hannibal intently. His eyes flickered across his face, searching for any sign of vulnerability. "Are you worried?"

"No, I'm not."

Will's lips curled up in a little cruel smile. He scoffed in disbelief. "Yes you are. You are not worried about losing your work or getting the virus. You are more concerned about not being able to hunt and being bored."

Hannibal pursed his lips and chose to take another sip of the Chardonnay. Will knew exactly how to hurt him.

"Yes."

Something else bothered him. Everything in him screamed " *Look at me. Touch me. Hold me again like when we killed the dragon together. Kiss me. Say that you love me and never leave."* But the words didn't leave his mouth.

He took the plates and returned with dessert - his favourite - chocolate cream with sow's blood served in a hollowed out orange. It was now the right moment to say anything but Hannibal chose not to and merely placed down the plate in front of him.

Once finished up, Will stayed seated for some moments, his eyes constantly fixed at Hannibal, being unsure to ask what else troubled his companion.The tension in the air was palpable. So much unspoken emotions hovering in the air like a heavy cloud about to burst. But Hannibal didn't say what weighed him down and so they got up and cleaned up the dishes together in the kitchen.

Hannibal sighed as he reflected the evening. Another missed chance.

Two weeks passed by and Hannibal was quite restless as he was stuck at home. The lack of interesting paintings to restore and work on bored him. He composed a little, read some interesting books but the lack of thrill made him lose interest quickly. At least none of them had the virus so far. Their routine was always the same. Will spent the day, fishing and returned in the afternoon , tired out from the work and the sunbaths. The only thing he avoided was going to the local market and sell the tunas, squids and other fish he caught. Shortly after, Hannibal prepared dinner. Will always took a shower then returned to the kitchen and watched him cook. They conversed about different topics, about morality and ethics during dinner before heading off into their bedrooms. But Hannibal never dared even once confess his love.

So many missed chances. He could have everything but he didn't take it.

Hannibal barely slept at night and woke up to the same nightmare of drowning and losing Will. He yearned for Will's presence, his body next to him. He couldn't get sleep at all. He fantasised again about how he would taste like.

One morning, when the sun was rising above the ocean and the sky was brightening, Will was about to head out to go fishing again. Hannibal found his courage to speak and followed Will downstairs into the living room area. He had to or he would kill him.

"Will", he said, being a little nervous which he found appalling. He had never been so nervous before when asking Will something.

Will, wearing a grey t-shirt blue trousers, carrying his fishing gear on his shoulders and the coolers in his hands, turned around and gave Hannibal a sceptical look. "You're up early", he remarked with a frown. "Is there something on your mind?"

Hannibal's heart pounded fast in his chest as he came closer with measured steps, breaching their distance.

“I was wondering if we could spend the day together”, he blurted out,his cheeks turning pink.

“I miss you.”

Will looked surprised and didn’t find the words at first. “Yeah sure. You need different clothes though.” He pointed at his satin pajama in amusement.

“And water and sunscreen”, Hannibal remarked, gaping at Will’s burnt neck. “You should be more careful.”

Will smiled. “Thanks, but I’ll be. Get yourself ready and meet me at the dock.”

Hannibal nodded and went back to get dressed and prepare some stuff for the trip.

Having changed into fitting clothes and prepared some food to go for the day trip, he walked to the boat yard to meet Will there. They climbed aboard Will’s vessel to set out. It was a modest ship, nothing too fancy or modern, but you could stand at the guardrail or sit down on the bench at the rear of the boat where there had to be room for his tools and the fish Will would catch. Hannibal watched Will work and fish all day. Occasionally he tried it but gave up quickly as he hadn’t the patience of Will. It wasn’t the same feeling when killing Dolarhyde or another killer but it would have to do for now.

Evening dawned on the ocean again and soon the sky was spangled with stars. The full moon shone down on them, casting a silver light on them. Hannibal and Will stood at the guardrail with two tumblers of rum in their hand. Hannibal felt reminded of the night when they had slain the dragon together. When Will had rebuked his admission.

Hannibal felt he needed to break the silence and the tension that had built up between them.

“Will...I need to tell you something in the open”, Hannibal began, drawing Will’s attention.

“I don’t know if you have ever understood the meaning of my words at the cliff house but..I love you. I miss you every day when you’re not with me. I didn’t tell you anything because I was afraid you don’t reciprocate the feelings the way I do.” He heaved a sigh and looked to the sea dipped in silver light. “After all what I have done to you, it is totally understandable.”

Will scoffed. “Hannibal, I am on the run with you. If I didn’t love you, I would be probably back at home with Molly.”

Hannibal hitched his breath.

Will brushed his hands over Hannibal's cheeks. They smelled a bit of motor oil, fish and salt but Hannibal loved everything about Will.

“I was waiting for you to tell me your admission, Hannibal. I knew it from Bedelia already.”

Their faces were only inches apart right now. Hannibal took in the strong sweaty and musky smell of Will’s skin. He didn’t wear a fragrance and Hannibal very much preferred this to the usual Old spice aftershave.

“Besides...I needed to be clear of my own feelings and get adjusted to this new life.”

Hannibal inhaled deeply before he said the words out loud.

“I love you, Will”, he confessed in a hoarse voice, his maroon eyes glistening with emotions.

“I love you, too, you pretentious idiot”, Will replied with a faint grin and finally pressed his lips on Hannibal’s.

Hannibal felt relief wash over him like the wave of the sea when he finally got to taste Will.

The kiss was slow at first then evolved into a passionate one with their hands wandering down the backs until resting on the asses. Hannibal pulled Will closer and pressed him against his body. He tasted the rum and the remainders of the sushi on his tongue, mingled with the salt of the sea.

The moon bathed them both in a silver light as they kissed. In the near distance, dolphins made some jumps in the water, curious about the boat, but both didn’t pay them any attention at all.

“We have to get back to the shore”, Will told Hannibal in between, their lips parting, cupping his face into his hands while being pressed against the wall of the boat by Hannibal. “I don’t have a bedroom on this ship.”

Hannibal agreed reluctantly and let go of him. He stood behind Will all the time, his arms wrapped around him possessively, while Will maneuvered them back to the shore.

In the bedroom, Hannibal and Will tore off each other’s clothes in their impatience, regardless of the expensive fabrics Hannibal wore. It didn’t take a minute until they were fully nude in their greed and admiring each other’s scarred bodies. Will’s eyes flashed in concern when he saw Mason’s mark on his back. Hannibal looked slightly guilty when he noticed the scars on his abdomen and shoulder.

The hunger overwhelming him, Hannibal pushed Will down into the sheets and pressed kisses to every part of his body - from his scar on his forehead to the luring lips, to the pectorals, his belly. He made Will shiver as he kissed the old scar on his abdomen before settling between his legs and kissing every inch of Will’s cock which strained already against his belly.

After all the struggle and the drama, Will was finally his. His one and only and he would savor every bite of it. It felt like a dream to him and he blinked once or twice. It was real. Will watched him with bated breath and clawed his nails into the sheets as he suckled and licked at his dick.

“I have waited so long”, Hannibal purred. “I have imagined it so many times when I was in prison.”

“Me too when I was with Molly”, Will admitted, breathing sharply as Hannibal caressed his cock with worshipping strokes. He cupped his balls with his other hand.

“Do you trust me?” Hannibal asked, staring at Will from the end of the bed.

It didn’t take Will long to answer.

“Yes.”

He nodded encouragingly at Hannibal.

“Go on.”

Hannibal pleased him as much as he could and enjoyed the pleased, melodic moans as he sucked him off and the spasms on Will’s angelic face. He kept on stimulating his prostate with precise thrusts of his fingers. Just when he worked harder, trying to bring Will to his orgasm, Will told him to stop.

“I want to be inside you” he breathed.

“But I’ve never been with a man before.”

Hannibal acknowledged his remark and laid down on his back and handed Will the glass bottle with lube. Condoms were refused by Will. No more shields or barriers between them. He held Will’s arm as he was trembling a little and nearly dropped the bottle.

“Don’t be nervous”, Hannibal assured him and bent up to kiss Will on his mouth. “I’ll help you.”

He opened himself up with his fingers and helped Will enter him and telling him in which angle to fuck him.

When Will’s thick cock finally breached in, a sharp hiss escaped Hannibal’s mouth. Tears welled up in his eyes as Will started to move within him and hit his sweet spot with sharp, intense thrusts.

They never broke eye contact while they had sex.The emotional connection was important for them both.

During this, Hannibal was raw and vulnerable and Will had to assure him several times he was there and that it was real.

This was more than he had dreamed ever of. A consummation of their love both physical and spiritual.

Later, when they were resting, Hannibal curled up to Will, being the big spoon. He held on to his waist as if afraid he would go anywhere and leave him. They fell asleep in this position, stinky, sweaty and sticky from the sex and the long day at sea.

Will had caught the virus after all.

He woke up the next morning after another round of lovemaking with headache and fever, rousing Hannibal from his sleep who immediately reacted to Will's groaning, seizures of coughing. Hannibal touched his forehead with his cool hand. Will definitely had a high fever.

"Damn", Will murmured, in between the coughing seizures. "I think I caught it. Shouldn't have gone grocery shopping." He looked up to Hannibal through hazy, feverish eyes.

"You should get out of the room as soon as possible. I may have infected you already."

"Nonsense. It is way too late for that I'm not going anywhere, Will", Hannibal replied, kissing his forehead, then flinging his legs over the leg of the bed and getting dressed to take action.

"I'm going to take care of you just like you took care of me after the fall."

He stared back at Will with adoration and worry in his eyes.

"Hannibal. I'm scared. You're older than me. No one knows what the virus does to you."

Hannibal hummed. "I know but I have an excellent immune system whereas you had an autoimmune disease. They say most people recover so I am not worried about myself."

He squeezed Will's hand. "I'm more worried about you."

Will groaned as Hannibal brought up the past and shot a rather disapproving glance at him.

"Thanks for reminding me of the encephalitis."

"I'm sorry," Hannibal apologised and truly meant it.

"If I could turn back time and make things right, I would."

Will laughed, his laughter sounding harsh and bellowing as another coughing seizure accompanied it. "What happened has happened. No equation can change that."

Hannibal looked away. Regret flickered over his face. "I know."

Will moaned again in pain and massaged his temples. Then he twitched in bed as he had to cough again.The pained whimpers and coughing brought Hannibal back to reality.

"I will be back with medication and a thermometer."

Having fetched his supplies, he measured his fever and fed him the antipyretics and some medication against the suspected pneumonia, hoping it would do something. He knew from the news that you could only treat the symptoms of Covid-15. That there wasn't a real cure yet.

And it did. The recovery was a long process but the fever went down and the coughing abated. Will would make it and not have to go to the hospital and be intubated.

This would have meant the end of their freedom and long periods of separation.

Hannibal sat at Will's bed every day, feeding him chicken soup, preparing IV drips he had stolen from a hospital some time ago. Will was too tired to bring up the memories when he was hospitalised because of encephalitis and Hannibal pretended to care. Instead he let Hannibal feed him, take care of him while he was on the way to full recovery. He loved it when Hannibal read him stories from books.

One morning, when Will was feeling way better and woke up with more energy, it was Hannibal who started the day with alarmingly raised body temperature, a throbbing head and coughing this time.

"I told you, you would get sick", Will remarked, his eyes filled with worry and fear, when noticing that Hannibal was burning up and coughing heavily.

"Now it's my turn to make you healthy again", Will replied, brushing away the strain of damp, grey hair in front of Hannibal's eyes and stood up.

He was as patient with Hannibal as Hannibal had been with him. He cooked him soup, even though they weren't nearly as good as Hannibal's.He gave him the same medication and treatment Hannibal instructed him with and hoped it would work. Will stayed with his loved and read him some stories from a book, played some old Fleetwood Mac songs on his guitar or watched him doze off and sleep.

Hannibal smiled when Will played guitar again and sang in his melodic voice.

"Your singing is excellent", Hannibal remarked, when Will finished the song and put his old guitar aside. "I'm sure it will quicken my recovery."

When both were healthy again they stuck to strict quarantine for the sake of not being infected again They ordered groceries and what they needed via the internet and were quite content with the way things were going. Hannibal enjoyed quarantine with Will a lot as they were inseparable and more often in bed than anywhere else in their home once he was better. He forgot his need for hunting about it.

He found comfort in cooking, baking delicious cakes for his husband and teaching him to play the piano.

But once the travel ban had been lifted, they abandoned their location, feeling the threat of the FBI on their neck, and moved on to a small town in the south of Argentina.

Hannibal received a nice surprise once they had settled.

He was reading a chapter of Les Fleurs du Mal by Baudelaire when he heard movement in the anteroom, a door falling shut and someone making muffled noises. Will's voice then

resounded in the room, sounding threatening. The gasps and noises were gone.

Hannibal rose from the armchair and glared at the victim Will had brought with him.

He was surprised to see Will bring him such a gift after he hadn't expressed his wish to hunt .Emotions stirred in him - gratitude and joy. Will had hunted for Hannibal. He wished he could have slain another dragon with him this night to feel the adrenaline but who was he to complain?

He had gotten more than he had ever wanted.

He had Will. He had everything.

The victim was a local man who had been rude to Hannibal and Will when they went to the market two days ago to replenish their stores of fruit, vegetables and cheese, hissing threatening and homophobic things in Spanish at them.

Will smiled at him. "I know it is not the same. But see it as an invitation gift for our killings to come."

He hauled the man up and threw him to Hannibal's feet. The man twitched and jerked on the ground like a helpless fish.

Appreciating the gesture and invitation, Hannibal reciprocated his amiable smile, then cast a threatening, cold glare at the rude man below. "Let us take the pig downstairs", he said. "He will need sedation to avoid stressful slaughter."

Will and Hannibal dragged the scared man down into the cellar where they stripped him off his clothes and tied him to the improvised work table. Hannibal and Will held eye contact as they prepared themselves. Will throttled the man with his gloved hands and Hannibal watched him with bated breath as he squeezed the life out of him until life left him. The madness in Will's eyes was intriguing. Hannibal loved the look when he killed for him.

Once the man was dead and the meat needed to be harvested, Hannibal stood behind Will, holding his wrists. He showed him how to remove the essential organs with precise incisions, leading his hands gently to avoid the organs being harmed.

Never had he been a happier man.When they had finished harvesting the meat and devoured dinner, Hannibal pulled Will into a fierce kiss. With a remote he put on some music and they started to dance. This time it was him resting his head on Will's chest as they lingered in the living room, slowly moving to the classical music of Chopin in the background.

"Thank you, Will", Hannibal murmured into the crook of his neck and let himself being cradled by Will. "This is more than I have ever wanted."

"For both of us ", Will added with a smile, remembering his words on the bluff, then kissed Hannibal once more and led him to the bed room.

In the months after, they hunted and chased dragons more worthy of their time. Serial killers were swiped from the earth by the wrath of the lamb that had turned into a lion. Hannibal

adored the blood of their victims embellishing Will's body when he killed with his hands and didn't hold back.The furious and calculating look in his ocean eyes when he slashed their throats, leaving them to choke was magnificent and irresistible.

They truly had everything.

End Notes

Español:
"Hoy, el gobierno ha decidido que la toque de queda estará en vigencia hasta Marzo 20. Por favor, quedase en casa cuando quiera será posible y obedece las siguientes reglas de higiene….”

English:

“Today the government has decided that the curfew will be valid until March 20. Please stay at home, whenever you can, and obey the following hygiene rules..”

Covid-19 is Covid-15 here because the last season was released in 2015.

And don’t punch me for mistakes. I speak Spanish and English but these are not my native tongues.

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